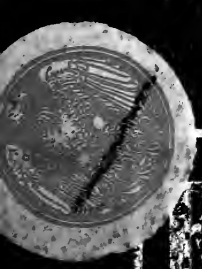


# Reminiscences

Catherine C. Lacey

Class PS2197
Book .L5 R4

# REMINISCENCES

## 1854—1908

BY

CATHERINE T. LACEY

OMAHA
FESTNER PRINTING COMPANY
1908

PS2197
.L5R4

~~Gift~~
Mrs. C. S. Paine
N. 2 '17
246243
7

CATHERINE T. LACEY.

PINE HALL

*"He who has a thousand friends*
*Has never a one to spare,*
*And he who has one enemy*
*Will meet him everywhere."*

This little volume of shyness I dedicate to friends, old and young, who have made my life bright by their friendship and love. May it be a reminder of our best wishes for their happiness in this life, and an eternity of bliss when time shall be no more.

Yours lovingly,

CATHERINE T. LACEY.

"Woodbine Cottage," Omaha,
July 1, 1908.

# Winter.

[1851]

The shrill trumpet of Winter is sounding
His wild notes o'er valley and hill,
Whilst each tempest-tossed tree of the forest
Bends low to the Winter King's will.
It roams o'er the rich man's dwelling,
It enters the lone widow's cot
To chill the frail form of the mourner,
Whom all but her God have forgot.

It sings through the tops of the mountain pines,
It plays o'er the lake, and the lee,
It binds the brook with its icy breath,
And revels on the blue sea.
Yet One there is who can calm the storm,
Can bid the wild winds cease;
Bring joy to the heart-stricken mourner,
And hush the rude waves of the deep.

# Sans Souci.

[Written in 1860.]

There is a sweet spot in Kentucky's deep shades
That will always be cherished by me;
In which I can haven my hopes and my fears,
When tossed upon life's stormy sea.

Long years have passed since that happy time
When I wound 'mongst its beautiful flowers;
Free as the wild bird in its own native wood,
I sang in its green leafy bowers.

Could they but speak, what tales of love,
Of joy, and hope, rude time has blighted;
Of sad adieus, and kindly greetings,
Of lover's vows to Heaven plighted.

We bade adieu to that hallowed spot,
Yet memories will cluster around
The friends that greeted us joyous and bright,
Now slumbering low in the ground.

The fond mother's voice is hushed
Like strings of some broken lute,
Whilst sad hearts in sorrow mourn her
And their homes are deserted and mute.

Spirit mother from thy heavenly home
Guard and protect thy loved, thy cherished ones;
Spread thy angelic wings o'er each dear form;
Keep them through life's dark night, to an eternal morn.

The father's sad heart is cheered in its gloom
By two fair daughters all sunshine and bloom,
Whose wealth of affection sweet happiness brings,
Making life's darkest hours a perpetual spring.

Farewell then Sans Souci, farewell hallowed spot,
May Heaven's choicest blessings be thine.
Wearing garlands immortal for the altar of love,
Where friendships pure gifts are enshrined.

# Fleaings.

You naughty, tricky, little fleas,
Your bite is worse than sting of bees;
I wish I had you by the smeller,
I think I'd pull your teeth, old fellow.
You seem to be my evil spirit,
Devoid of anything like merit;
Nip here, jump there, bite anywhere,
So you get filled—why, you don't care.
You disregard the peoples' feelings,
Their torturing pains, and sorest bealings.
You hop, skip, jump, all in a minute,
Thinking to make my poor pegs shin it.
Now, Mr. Flea, be on your guard,
For if I catch you, mark my word,
I'll pay you up for all your stealings,
Your wicked tricks, and sad misdealings.
When the summer days are bright,
I'm hunting you from morn till night.
Why tire me so, my nimble friend?
When will this battle have an end?
If I succeed, out come your nippers,
Making you cut some funny capers.
I'd be the dentist for your tribe,
And serve you well, both far and wide.

# The Birth of the Rose.

Thou camest with the perfumed breath of May,
Breeze, bird and murmuring brook joined in the lay
Of welcome to thee—thou rarest gem,
That glistens in her flowery diadem.

Each beauteous plant of early spring
Comes ladened with love's offering
Of buds and flowers, a wreath to twine,
Fit setting for a brow so fair as thine.

They hail thee Queen of Merrie May—
Buttercups and daisies, smiled on the way
That led to the throne embowered with flowers,
Where they drank in the music of those joyous hours.

How happy and bright that sylvan band
Tripped o'er the green sward, hand in hand,
To the music of birds, and the songs of the trees
As the light winged zephyrs paused on the breeze.

The young queen is led through the dance by the rose,

So gracefully yielding, as onward she goes,
To the soft loving glances of each tiny spright
That were her bidden guests on that festive night.

Those halcyon moments sped quickly on,
The fairies still lingered, till roseate dawn,
With her dew spangled crest and bright beaming smile,
Bade them hie to their homes on the sea-girt isle.

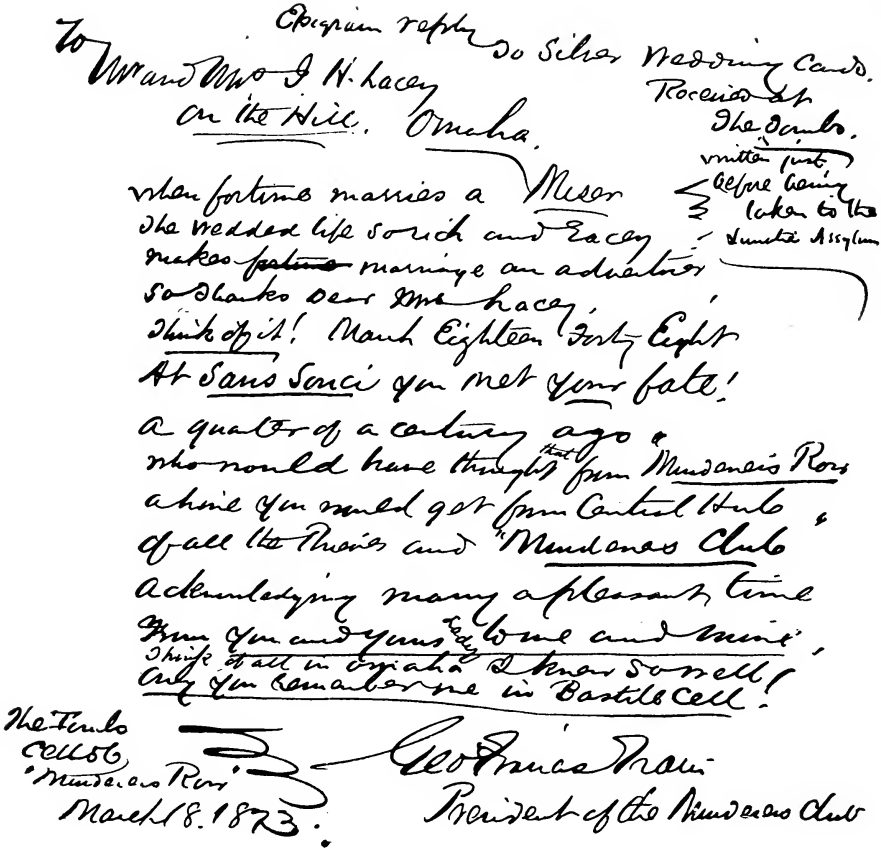
How fondly will memory cherish that scene:
The birthday dance of the rose's queen;
The spangled heavens—the moonlit sky,
The love-lit glance from beauty's eye.

# My Western Home.

[Written in June, 1860.]

My western home is far away,
Where seas of flowers bloom,
Wafting on each passing breeze
Their rich and rare perfume.
The broad prairies of my home
Their bounteous treasures yield;
Luxurious is the waving grass,
Their rich-stored harvest fields.
The wild horse loves to prance
In freedom over the West,
Snuffing the pure breeze borne
From off the prairie's breast.
Her emerald plains the grazing herd
With choicest food supply.
The tiniest bird that wings the air
On her rich gifts rely.
Her purple and golden sunsets,
Her heavenly clouds of blue,
Her lights and shades, how gorgeous,
In this fairy land we view.
Here Nature breathes of freedom;
'Tis the proud eagle's home:

He wings his flight from her mountain crags,
Through fields of light to roam.
The smoke of the Indian's wigwam
In circling clouds arise
To the spirit land their fathers
Have fixed in the western skies.
The poet may sing of fairy lands,
Far away in some sea-girt isle,
Where fountains sparkle in sunlight
And music the hours beguile.
I love the land of the sunset,
Where he sleeps in his golden bed;
'Tis a green and bright oasis
To the weary wanderer's tread.
Each passing breeze will fan his cheek,
Will free each brow from care;
All feel the healthful presence
Of this western country air.
Then come from the crowded cities,
Come o'er old ocean's breast,
There's room for all who are sighing
For this beautiful land of the West.




[Facsimile of Letter from George Francis Train.]

# Forty Years Married.

[When Mr. and Mrs. Lacy celebrated their silver wedding, they sent to George Francis Train one of their cards, which read as follows:

Married March 15, 1848, in Falmouth, Ky.. (at Sans Souci, the residence of Hon. Augustns Robbins) by the Rev. Thomas Van Metre, Mr. Jesse H. Lacey to Catherine T. Miser.

Mr. Train, who was then a prisoner in the Tombs, replied through the New York Sun, which printed the following.]

## Epigram Reply to Silver Wedding Cards Received in the Tombs.

*To Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Lacey, on the Hill, Omaha:*

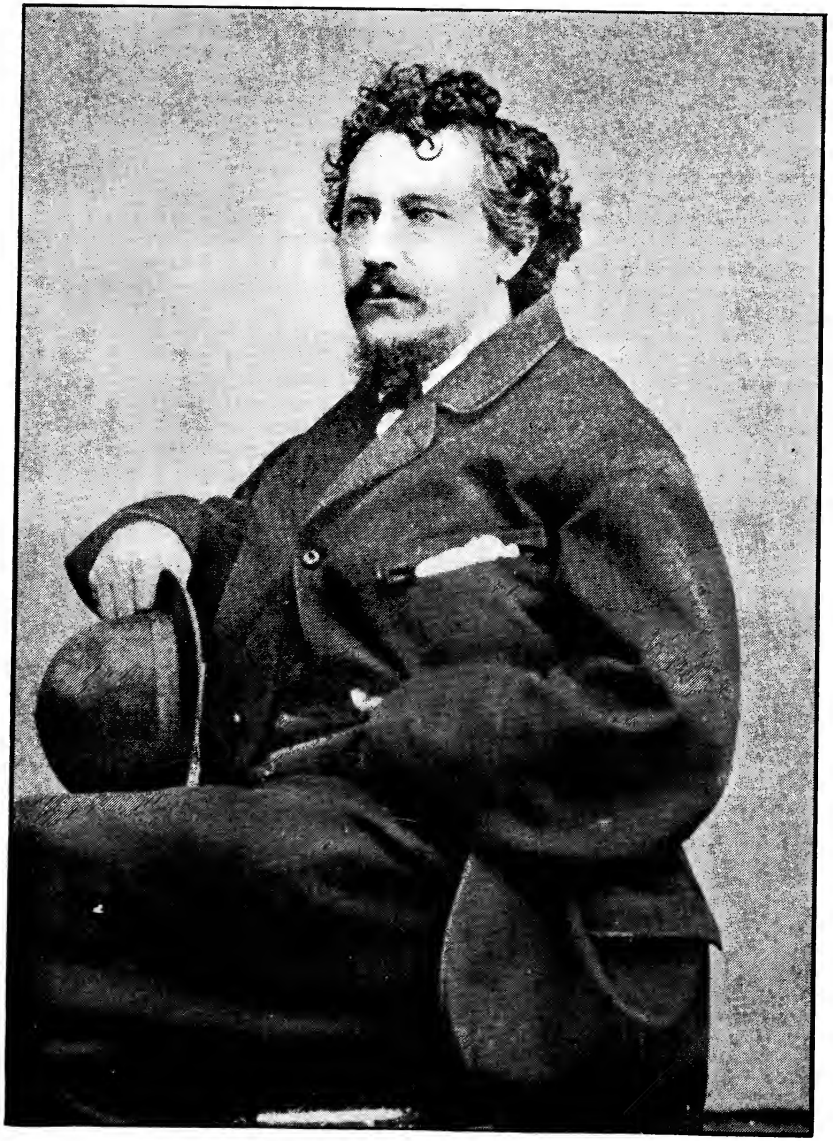
When fortune marries a miser,
The wedded life so rich and racy,
Makes marriage an advertiser;
So thanks, dear Mrs. Lacey.
Think of it! March, eighteen hundred forty-eight,
At Sans Souci you met your fate!
A quarter of a century ago,
Who would have thought that from "Murderers' Row"
A line you would get, from central hub
Of all the thieves and "Murderers' Club."

*FORTY YEARS MARRIED.*

Acknowledging many a pleasant time
From you and yours, lady, to me and mine?
I think of all in Omaha I knew so well,
Only you remember me in bastile cell!

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
President of the Murderers' Club.

The Tombs, Cell 56, Murderers' Row, March 18, 1873.



GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

# The Old and New Year.

[Written December 30, 1879.]

Come, see the Old Year dying,
See him feeble, sick, and pale,
Waiting the last dread summons
That carries him down life's vale.
What changes one short year has made!
Look on those sunken eyes and see
The blighted hopes, the death of joys,
The pomp, the glitter of earth's toys.
Who can but mark this sorrowing scene
With what it is, and what has been—
One short twelfth month he scarce has known.
When young and gay, he danced along,
Heralded by music's choicest strain,
Rapturous pleasure followed in his train.
Ne'er he dreamed that one short year could blight
Such happiness, such pleasure, such delight.
Where are his friends, his votaries now—forever gone.
Their pomp, their flattery, their praise—all, all have flown,
And the poor old year, on his ragged cot,

Lies cold and dead—by the world forgot.
See! the New Year comes on his pathway bright,
Joy beams in his eye, hope surges in his heart,
Glad worshipers everywhere join in train
To welcome the New Year with a gladsome refrain.
So the old one in silence is laid in his tomb,
Yet ne'er dreamed the the new one of such sad end,
But the "wheels of time" that carried the grand father away,
Will fall to his lot twelve month's from today.

# To My Little Friend, Cora L.

My dear little namesake, with soft, sunny
curls,
And eyes of heaven's own blue,
That far surpass the rarest gems
Of the early morning dew.
Like a sunbeam you came,
Like young flowers of spring,
To gladden our fond hearts
And around us to fling
The smiles of thy childhood,
The wealth of thy love,
Our own charming Cora,
Our star from above.
May no clouds ever darken
Thy pathway through life,
Or crush thy young spirit's glow,
Bound joyously on, no share in the
strife
Of this troublesome world below.
If storms should come, my little one,
And threatening clouds arise,
The silver lining you may trace

## *TO MY LITTLE FRIEND, CORA L.*

Even in those troubled skies.
Then falter not, tarry not,
On to the goal!
Hope's shining star leads the way,
Guiding thy footsteps
On through the gloom,
To the realms of endless day.

# To Flora T.

[December 25, 1881.]

Accept, dear Flora, this serpent from me,
'Tis the most harmless reptile that ever could be.
Not like the one that beguiled our first mother,
Making her children such trouble and bother.
This kind is a favorite with many young girls,
They encircle their arms in his silvery folds.
Never one has had cause to regret
That she placed on her arm
This bright, clinging pet.
I hope you will wear it, dear Flora, for me,
In memory of Christmas, and good wishes for thee.
May your life be unclouded by sickness and care
Is the wish of your friend, wherever you are.

# Life's Shipwreck.

I have been shipwrecked on life's stormy waves,
O'er its wide billows borne, to find a silent grave.
And now I with slow and parting breath,
Meet that great iceberg monster—Death.

O! in that last sad hour, when sails are riven,
When surge on surge rolls o'er my soul in sorrow driven.
Dear Savior, thou my lighthouse be,
Guiding my foundering barque in safety up to Thee.

With joy the weary warrior the promised haven spies,
The star of hope beams brightly from faith's far-seeing eyes.
The cargo load of sin and care is from the wreck o'ercast,
And the ship is safely anchored from all life's stormy blast.

In that celestial port—I'm found at last;
I count my perils gain, my trials past,
And in the presence of that cherubic host
I shall dwell forever, with Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

# To President Garfield.

Noble Christian ruler,
Our nation's choice and guide,
Revered, beloved and honored,
Each freeman's boast and pride.

That thou art stricken prostrate
By the assassin's deadly hand,
Makes fair Columbia's children
Go mourning through the land.

A nation's hopes and prayers
Arise to God for thee:
Lord, save our stricken President,
We ask on bended knee.

Restore him to his loved ones,
Drive every pain away,
Give strength to bear these deadly pains,
For this a people pray.

Prolong a life so good and true—
A valiant soldier he;
May he live to rule the nation
With truth and equity.

# A Wife's Soliloquy.

Like a beautiful dream,
A journey of pleasure
That we two have taken,
Dear Frank, together.
I cannot believe
That five have flown,
Since at the altar
You made me your own.
The sorrows, the cares,
The troubles, the strifes
That have come to
Many young lives,
Have passed us by
Without leaving behind
One cloud to mar
Our perfect sunshine.
What happiness came
With our dearest treasure,
Our fair, little daughter,
Our love and our pleasure.
Her angelic smile,
Her prattle, her song,

## *A WIFE'S SOLILOQUY.*

Make life one glad day
As we journey along.
How we thank the Great Giver
For all His kind care,
And ask Him to guide us
Through life and its snare;
When our journey is ended,
Our life's work o'er,
We may be wafted by Angels
To that bright, happy shore.

# My Mother's Plate.

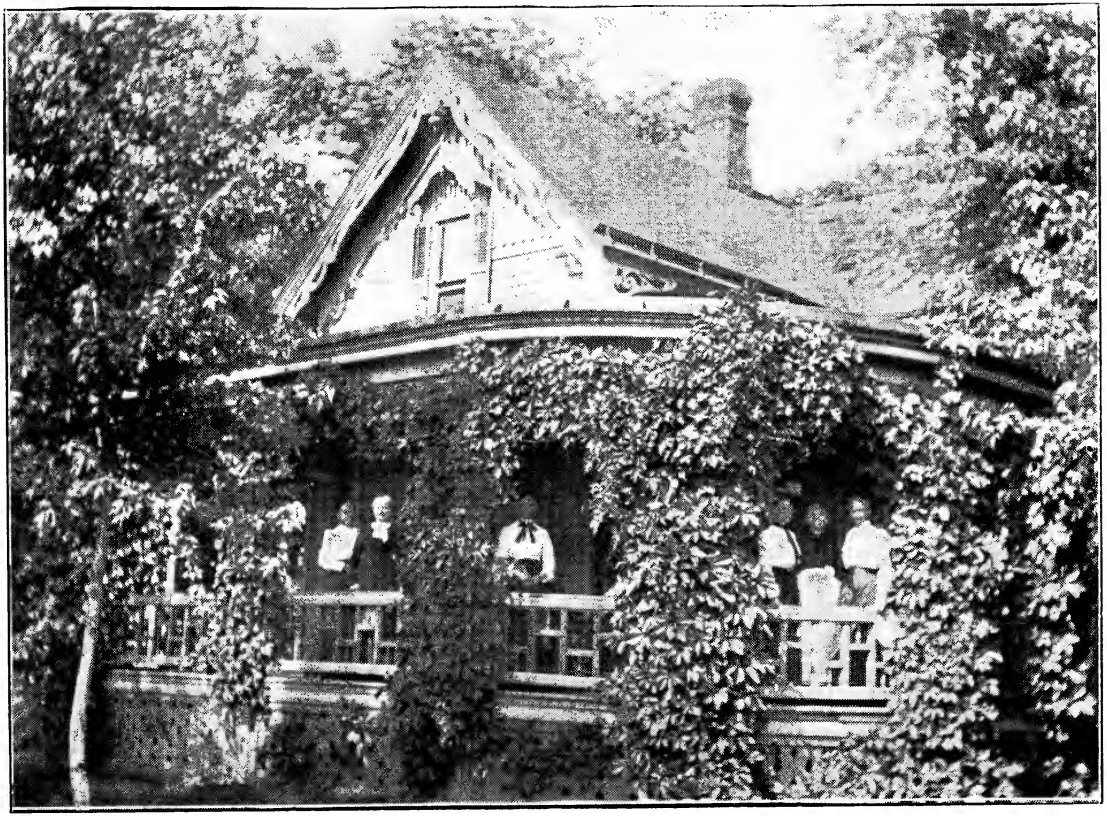
A plate I have, my mother's gift—
The last one that Old Time has left;
An heirloom rare, more prized by me
Than lovers' ware of rare china.

How oft in childhood did I take
My dinner from that China plate;
How bright my face, how beamed my smile,
At all the dainties on it piled.

An artist pictured on this treasure
A lovely scene, a lasting pleasure—
My childish vision ne'er did scan
So grand a sight, so bright a land.

The landscape was a village church,
Whose spire points upward 'mongst the trees—
And roaming in this sacred spot, I ween,
Two youthful lovers could be seen.

I'll keep this gift and bless the donor
For making me its happy owner;
My childhood days can ne'er be past
As long as mother's plate will last.



WOODBINE COTTAGE.

# David Copperfield and his Aunt Betsy Trotwood.

[Written in 1881.]

What a splendid pen picture
Dickens places before us—
Aunt Betsy Trotwood
With all her quaint ways.

Her visit to Blunderstone's,
Going through the back gate,
Peering through the window
Her curiosity to sate.

How she frightened Mrs. C——,
With her face 'gainst the pane,
'Twas all she could do
Her tears to restrain.

How determined she was
To have "baby" a girl,
To be called by her name—
"It must be," she'd snarl.

"I have a presentiment,
My dear Mrs. Copperfield,
I'm never mistaken—
Not I.

"When that little one comes,
Mark my words, it will be
A dear, darling Betsy,
Just like me to a T."

When they imparted the news:
'Twas a bright little boy,
She gave no sign of pleasure,
No tokens of joy.

But as suddenly left,
By the rear garden gate,
As she entered to know
What turn things might take.

'Twas a pity, the aunt's
Little girl was not born—
It makes one feel sorry
To read how she did mourn.

She wept and she moaned,
And bewailed her sad lot,
As she hurriedly passed
O'er the old garden plot.

So the wee baby brother
Of young Betsy T——,
Grew as beautiful a child
As you'd wish to see.

Was a source of great joy
To his mama, of course,
And loved most sincerely
By his faithful old nurse.

A father's love
He had never known,
For he'd passed away
Before David was born.

Yet the mother's kind care
And sincere affection,
Had made his young life
One bright dream of perfection.

Bad, dark days came at last
To this little one's home,
When a cold, cruel man
Took the place of one gone.

Making Blunderstone Rookery
Shrouded in gloom;
Where all was once brightness
Seemed now like a tomb.

For the light had gone out
From the home of mirth,
When the heart-broken mother
Was laid in the earth.

So poor little David
Was left sad and alone,
To be goaded, tormented
By this worst of men.

David had oft heard his mother,
And Nurse Peggotty, too,
Tell of Aunt Betsy Trotwood
And the good she might do.

"To her I'll repair
And my sad story state,
Of the woes and the wrongs
I've passed through of late."

For of these his young life
Has had more than his share,
And he thought she would help him
These sorrows to bear.

He reaches at last the goal,
Footsore and weary,
Of his hopes and his fears—
The cottage so cheery.

The grass-plot the greenest;
His aunt standing there,
In nob-cap and short gown—
He knew it was her.

Just like he'd often heard
His mother describe,
He knew in a moment
'Twas her home he espied.

Then the tired little pilgrim
Stood trembling before her,
And told her his story
Of woes and of wrongs.

How he'd fled from a tyrant—
How lone and forsaken,
He'd wandered to find
A home and a friend.

"Oh! don't send me away,
Give me one ray of joy;
I'll be, Aunt Betsy,
A dutiful boy."

She said not one word—
Led the lad to her room;
Here she laid him to rest,
Poor, tired little one.

Gave him plenty to eat,
That would strengthen and cheer,
For the child was most famished
With his journey so drear.

They washed him so clean,
Put on a new suit of clothes—
Not a vestage of the old ones,
From his head to his toes.

No cruel stepfather
Would ever again make
His young life dreary
By anger and hate.

For a staunch friend
He'd found in Aunt Betsy T——,
And David could rest now—
Yes, rest and be free.

Though "little Betsy" not coming
She would always regret,
Yet in time he became
With his aunt a great pet.

Who from the day he arrived
To her last days on earth,
Made her nephew feel happy,
At her home and her hearth.

# Trust in God.

[Written July, 1881]

God of our fathers,
Be this our prayer:
Guard and direct us
In hours of despair.
Give us strength to battle
Against every armed foe,
As we wander along,
Through this trouble and woe.
Let us not falter,
Or look back with regret.
On the transient and fleeting
Pleasures we've met.
But guided and guarded
By Thy powerful arm:
Fear not that the world
Can trouble or harm.
Give us faith to believe Thee
In all that we see;
We know that Thy care
Is boundless and free
To all those who trust
In Thy great power,

## *TRUST IN GOD.*

It is mighty to save
In the most trying hour.
When disease and trouble
Waste this frail clay,
And the angel of death
Silently bears us away,
Where Earth with its joys
And pleasures take flight;
'Tis then, dearest Savior,
We see with delight
Thy soul-cheering presence
Far o'er the dark sea,
And hear thy sweet voice
Saying: "Come unto me
To the home I've prepared
For those that I love,
In this heavenly land,
In these mansions above."

# Safe With the Master.

[Affectionately inscribed to my friend, Mrs. George B. Graff. Jan. 1881.]

Safe with the Master
In His arms I am folded;
Life's sufferings ended,
It's sorrows all o'er;
Radiant in beauty,
So grand, so eternal,
I rejoice with the redeemed
On this heavenly shore.

Think not I'm far from you
Though you can't see me now,
Or feel my warm kiss
On your cheek and your brow.
Do you think the kind Master
Would not let me come
In spirit to cheer your
Now lonely home?

Believe me, dear mama,
I'm close by your side;
He has sent your own Fannie
To guard and to guide
Your wandering footsteps

## *SAFE WITH THE MASTER.*

O'er life's surging wave,
Until you tread the dark pathway
Of death and the grave.

There He will meet you,
The good Shepherd of old,
And place you amongst
The dear lambs of the fold,
Where together we'll roam,
Free'd from life's cares, and its gloom,
In that beautiful country
Beyond the dark tomb.

Forever united in these
Fair courts above,
We'll shout the glad tidings
Of Jesus and His love.

# To Mrs. Y—.

[1881.]

Please find in this package
A pair of blue slippers—
I made them myself,
For I am one of the knitters.
I hope they will please,
As I think them well-knit;
But what matters that
If they don't happen to fit,
If they are just the thing
Please don't abuse them,
And think of me kindly
Whenever you use them.

# Tasso Caldwell's Letter

## To his Young Master Sam.

[Written in 1882.]

My good little master, my true and tried friend,
When will this exile from you have an end?
I'm most broken-hearted, when I think I no more
Can romp with you, Sam, as in the good days of yore.
I am losing all love for pleasure and fun,
I can't even bark cheerful, as I used to, my chum,
For none understand me but you, little man;
I may jump, I may frisk, I may roll, I may tumble,
Not a smile can I have, just a growl or a grumble.
I think I should have some praise for my labors,
Without being told: "Tass, you are annoying the neighbors."
I haven't the heart to bark and bite as I did;
I fear you will find me a very tame kid.
If I snap at the boys that bang on the fence,
Madam Murphy gets nervous and calls me hence.
I have so much to tell you, dear master Sam,
I can't half express in the troubles I am;
'Tis hard for a dog, be he ever so bright,
To hold a pen in his paw, trying a letter to write.

## *TASSO CALDWELL'S LETTER.*

If I had you by me, I'd get close to your ears
And my sorrowful tale would make you shed tears.
I feel I can't stand it until you get home,
For the days drag slowly since you left me alone.
Without you dear master are close by my side,
I cannot, I will not, with strangers abide.
Unless you come home very soon, dear Sam,
I shall start for New Haven as fast as I can.
I long to be with you where'er you roam,
Then no matter what happens, I shall always be home.
My love to dear mother, to Taylor and Vic—
Oh, I so long to see you—dear master come quick.

# Little Barefoot.

[February, 1881.]

Half clad, almost frozen,
Benumbed with the cold,
Out in the snowstorm
The little waif roved.
No shelter, no friends,
No one to protect—
Tears freeze on the cheek
Of this child of neglect.
No loving smile greets her,
No comfort, no cheer.
No one to lighten
Her young life so drear;
God help the poor orphan
These sorrows to bear.
Ah! who that has seen
The look of despair
Which came from the soul
Of this child wonderous fair,
Could ever forget
Her sadness and woe

As she tremblingly wandered
Through sleet and through snow.
No mother's low song
Ever lulled her to rest,
Or clasped the sweet babe
To her fond, loving breast,
For she sickened and died
When the wee babe came,
And poor little Barefoot
(For this was her name)
Never knew what it was
To have some one to guide
Her frail tiny barque
O'er life's stormy tide.
Ah! who has not seen
Just such waifs on the street
As this lonely young pilgrim,
This little Barefoot?
Will not the bright faces
In their dear, happy homes
Seeing these children of want
Wandering sad and alone,
Will they not of their plenty
Be always loving and giving?
For of just such as these
Is the Kingdom of Heaven.

# Frank P'—'s. Old Dog Dan.

[March 30, 1882.]

What shall we say
For our dear old Dan,
Now that he's left us
For happy dog land?
What shall we say
To his memory now,
When his tail has ceased wagging
And he can't speak "bow-wow,"
In welcome to us
He loved so well?
It is very hard
For my pen to tell.
My faithful old dog,
I shall first write in praise
Of your friendship and love,
O! it makes my heart swell
And the tears dim my eyes,
My honest old fell'.
How can I sing
Of that double-barreled nose,
That could scent us afar
Where'er we might rove.

## *FRANK P—'S OLD DOG DAN.*

Your intelligent eyes
I can never forget,
O Danny, my darling,
They looked bright as jet.
You came to us then
With a bound and a spring,
Quick as a wild bird
On fleetest wing.
And we knew by your antics
And tricks very plain
That you were most happy
To be with us again.
I don't think you had
One trouble or care;
Just so you were with us,
It made the world fair.
And we always felt
That a friend was at hand
When crouching near us
Was our watchful old Dan.
How we shall miss you,
No tongue can now tell,
We feel like tolling
The old church bell.
It was one of our greatest
Pleasures on earth,

## *FRANK P -'S OLD DOG DAN.*

To know you stood sentinel
At our home and our hearth.
Yet we feel you are happy
Though we can't hear your
"bowwow,"
And this gives us joy
In a measure somehow:
In that beautiful dog land
You feel no sorrows no ills;
Can run with the swiftest
O'er meadows and hills;
Old age has been conquered,
Your limbs lithe and free:
Old Dan I know's happy
As happy can be.

# Gertrude's Christmas.

[Dec. 25, 1882.]

ʊ ʊ ʊ

Merry Christmas, dear Gertrude,
Bright may it be,
May you ever be happy as you
Sail o'er Life's sea.
May no clouds of sorrow
Ever dim thy bright eye,
Or cause you, my darling,
A tear or a sigh.
The little shoes I send you
I made all myself,
I hope they will please
My Forest Hill elf.
Play in them, dance in them,
Sing bright and gay,
Remember me in them,
Sweet blossom of May.

# The Mascotte's Shepherd.

[Written on opening of the old Boyd Opera House, Omaha, Jan. 13, 1882.]

Ah, what soul-thrilling strains are those born on the air!
'Tis the voice of my Pippo, so sweet and so clear.
Nearer and nearer come those ravishing notes,
'Tis he, my heart's treasure, who loves poor Mascotte.
He tenderly tells in that seraphic song,
Of his passion, his love as he wanders along;
Or climbs o'er the crags with wearisome feet,
Watching his herd or tending his sheep.
I can hear from those heights, 'mongst the dales and the hills,
That low plaintive song, how it makes my heart thrill!
For it echoes back the words I do love:
"Bettina, dear Mascotte, sweet flower from above,
Heaven sent you to guide me, be close by my side,
How blissful 'twill be, when you are my bride."
Oh that song of the shepherd from a heart loving and strong,
It haunts me, I feel it, it rings the day long.
Through my brain, through my heart, every nerve is aquiver,
Every sense starts like a mad rushing river;
For it tells of a treasure, a love that's all mine—
I return it my Pippo, this passion divine.

# Mrs. P—'s Silver Wedding.

[Written in Nov., 1882]

How much we regret we cannot accept
The kind invitation to your silver wedding,
Believe me, we are, with you in spirit dear friend,
Wishing you every delight kind heaven may send,
May the years that will come be as bright as those past,
And joys that are fadeless crown your journey at last.

# Answer to Mrs. C—'s Invitation

[May 7, 1882.]

❧ ❧ ❧

May the clouds that now darken the face
Of our beautiful month of May,
Be dispelled by the beams of the rising sun,
At the dawn of your festival day.
May the occasion be one of pleasure and joy,
Where friends true and genial shall meet,
Where music, dancing, laughter and fun
Shall make all our pleasures complete.
Rest assured we'll be there to join in the revel,
For on occasions like this we think our heads
level.

# 23rd Anniversary of Louise P—'s. Birth.

[April 4, 1883.]

It seems to me now
Like a fitful dream,
That our dear little daughter,
(Louise was her name)
Came to our home, our hearts,
And our love,
Like an angel of light
Sent by kind Heaven above.
How fondly we clasped
The sweet babe to our breast,
How every fond wish
That our hearts could express
Was wafted to her,
Our first-born—our pride,
That naught of Earth's ills
Might her e'er betide.
She grew wond'rous fair,
This Heavenly treasure,
We watched her each day
With renewed love and pleasure,
Feeling that life would be
A wilderness drear,

## *23d ANNIVERSARY OF LOUISE P—'S BIRTH.*

Without our sweet babe
To gladden and cheer.
Alas! for our hopes—
That our sunny-eyed Lou
Might be freed from the ills
That flesh is heir to,
And live to bless with
Her smiles and her love,
Those who so cherished
This star from above.
Oh! the Angel of Death
Plucked our beautiful flower,
Transplanting its fragrance
To a heavenly bower.
Shrouding our home
In sorrow and gloom,
When we laid our sweet babe
In her low silent tomb.
When I think back on Time's
Rapid flight,
And the anguish that wrung our hearts
That sad night,
I cannot believe that
Twenty-three years have fled
Since we laid baby Lou
'Mongst the low, silent dead.

JOE BARKER AND GERTRUDE KOUNTZE READY FOR A DRIVE.

# Joe Barker's Mittens.

[Xmas, 1884.]

This bright Christmas morn,
Dear Joe, you will find
Along with your presents
This wee one of mine.

'Tis a pair of blue mittens,
And I very well know
They will keep your hands warm
When you're out in the snow.

I want you to wear them
As oft as you can,
And remember the donor,
My proud little man.

For she loves you sincerely,
Whatever winds blow,
Her small, mittened hero,
Her red-cheeked Joe.

# Santa Claus.

[Written in 1884.]

Good Santa Claus, with his wealth of toys,
Is the joy of all little girls and boys.
He will soon be here, on Christmas morn;
They can hardly wait for his return.
He knows how to make each little eye bright,
As they hop into bed that wonderful night,
For in happy dreams they plainly see
Santa Claus fillling the Christmas tree.
What a dear old fellow he is, to be sure,
No one is forgotten—the sick and the poor
Will have candies, and cakes, and dolls all the same,
To make them forget their aches and their pains.
They say he steals kisses from each rosy lip,
Then away through the window he'll noiselessly slip.
'Tis the toll he takes and requires for his pains;
I'm sure they should never of his theft complain.
He has two beautiful babes of his own,
Who make his life sunshine in his northern home.
And this is the reason he knows how so well
To make little ones happy wherever they dwell.

"Dear papa, goodby, don't stay away long,
We can't do without you," was their parting song.
The reindeers just pranced as they saw their tears
flow,
And the little ones' looks of sadness and woe.
They were swift as the wind, at their master's
command,
Sometimes on the housetops all covered with snow,
Then again in the valley, down very low;
Any place, every place, where he bid them go.
They seemed quite as anxious as he, to get home,
No urging was needed they reached there by morn,
And the welcome they gave each antlered steed
A thousand times paid for their matchless speed.
The midnight sun flashed on the ice bound zone,
As Santa Claus entered his dearly loved home.
His task was ended, each child had some toy,
And the bountiful giver was overflowing with joy.
He thought of the dreamers so snug in their beds,
Their young dimpled faces, and fair curly heads,
And what pleasure that morning they'd everyone
see,
As they gazed at his presents on the grand Xmas
tree.

His own darlings were also remembered that day,
Nothing was lacking for them and their play.
Their faces were wreathed with smiles of joy
As they feasted their eyes on each pretty toy.
That eve his palace blazed forth like a star,
His neighbors, all the children from near and afar,
Came laughing and dancing and singing, and he
Sat like a king in that North "Countree."

# Julia.

[1884.]

Our little bull terrier, our beautiful pug,
How we wish we could gaze as of yore, on your mug.
I tell you my doggie, you were watchful and true,
And we find it so lonely to do without you.

How you welcomed us home with a cheerful bow-wow
And a wag of your tail and a general row.
So brisk, so smiling, so full of glee—
The climax was reached when you went for the flea.

How much you enjoyed a good sleep on my lap,
It seemed your choice place for a comfortable nap.
Even then, little pug, in your dreams you would be
Guarding and watching your master and me.

We're most broken-hearted, to think that you died
When we were away, that should have watched by your side.
Why, we never dreamed that our beautiful pug
Would be low in the earth with the worm and the bug.

Your orphan children, Nan and Sir Peter,
Have led a fast life since you left them, poor creatures.

They've been with strange dogs who led them astray
From the paths of virtue and good dog's way.

Now that Peter Cooper is with me once more,
I shall try very hard to reform the poor cur;
He can never come up to your standard, my pug,
For he hasn't your eyes, your color, your mug.

I'll tell him daily about his dear mother,
That never made us any trouble or bother,
Was the light of our eyes, our comfort and joy,—
Perhaps this may cause him to be a good boy.

He must always be home, watching the mice and the rats,
Keep a sharp eye on strange dogs and wild cats,
Bite all the bad boys that bang on the fence,
And he'll have a kind mistress for his recompense.

Dear Julia, lost darling, in your lowly bed sleeping,
Out near the ash pile, we come moaning and weeping;
Pete for his mother, I for my pup;
How can I give my little dog up.

You shall have a huge monument, for the ash pile will grow,
Every day we will add a bucket or so,
To the memory of her who sleeps 'neath the dust,
To Julia, our dog, the friend we could trust.

# My Engagement Ring.

[Written for Florence L—, Jan. 18, 1885.]

This ring, this golden circlet,
How much I prize it now,
'Tis the emblem of my plighted love,
My life-long cherished vow.

'Twas placed upon my finger
By one I hold most dear,
And there it shall remain,
My comfort and my cheer.

Through all life's ills,
Through dangers dire,
To light me to loves holy shrine,
'Twill always be the sacred fire.

Where fear and dangers cannot come
Where doubts and sorrows flee away,
Where all true lovers find a home,
Where love, triumphant holds its sway.

There is no end to love like this,
It is eternal, heavenly bliss.

# Our Queen.

[Gertrude K—'s birthday party, 1888.]

Sunshine and dew-drops, bright plumaged birds,
Held high carnival in Forest Hill woods.
Each leaf on the trees came dancing and singing,
And the bluebells their birthday chimes were ringing.
The violets raised their modest blue eyes
From the emerald green to the cloudless skies,
Smilingly greeting this auspicious morn
That heralds the day dear Gertrude was born.
"I can hardly believe," said yellow butter-cup,
"That eleven years have passed since we looked
To view the wee babe that came in the Spring,
And made us so happy we called her our Queen."
This morning so sparkling with radiance and sheen
The flowers awaiting their beautiful Queen.
Just at that moment, like a sunbeam she came,
Greeted each flower and called them by name.
She smiled on the daisies, sang duets with the lover,
Kissed the blue bells, caressed the red clover.
Indeed every flower and bird was her treasure,
And they gave back her love, measure for measure.
Pansies and daisies twined 'mongst her brown locks,
And her throat was encircled with forget-me-nots.

No necklace of pearls or rare jewels, I ween,
Could vie with the glories of this gift to the Queen.
To her birthday party she bade them all come;
Not one was absent from her woodland home.
Everywhere, up and down in each garland,
You were charmed by the presence of their choicest perfume.
All the birds that had homes in Forest Hill woods
Were invited to come and bring their young broods:
The Owl wasn't expected; what could he do,
But stare with great eyes and screech out, boohoo?
No bird, melodious could endure this discord,
Owls could not be Christians, they can't serve the Lord.
So thought little Gertrude, with sweet, pensive eyes;
She could not imagine discomforting cries.
No one seemed conscious that the curtains of night
Would soon close the eyes of these flowers so bright,
Until one little primrose fell all in a heap;
She had tarried too long, and was found fast asleep.
As the flowers departed, the birds burst into song,
How their little throats warbled the whole evening long;
And Gertie in dreamland could hear this refrain:
"God bless and watch over our beloved young Queen."

# Fannie B—'s Letter

*To her Master Joe, on his Eighth Birthday.*

My dear Master Joseph, did you ever know
That I once was a member of Barnum's great show,
Was the admiration of all the children you know,
Was petted and praised where'er I might go?

I wonder sometimes this great adulation
Did not make me the vainest small horse in creation.
I have heard even princes, with a sigh and groan,
Wish they could call such a beautiful Shetland their own.

Oh, the fun that I had, when the monkey with pride,
Dressed like a "Grand Vizier," jumped on for a ride!
I bent my head down and went 'round the ring
As fast as a streak of chain lightning.

The old fellow was frightened half out of his wits,
You'd thought he had spasms or the worst kind of fits.
I kept on going faster and faster
Until commanded to halt by the veteran ringmaster.

In my sudden stopping he lit on his head,
And we all thought for a moment poor Jocko was dead.

## *FANNIE B—'S. LETTER.*

I trembled with fear, I had almost a chill,
For I knew if his Monkeyship was killed by the ride
I could never again with this circus abide.
Oh the joy that I felt when he sprang to his feet,
Winked his bright little eyes and showed his white teeth,
Made a raid on the fleas with monkey-like vim,
I knew then our Jocko was himself again.
Since I have been with you, I have learned
You well know, to love and honor my dear master so,
I never thought I could be so tranquil and quiet.
You have treated me kindly, I've have had such generous diet.
I'm a thousand times thankful for your goodness little man,
So remember me ever as your constant friend Fan.

# To Lady Fair.

[September 29, 1907.]

Thy goodness shines forth, dear Lady Fair,
Like a sparkling star of the night,
Shedding gladness on many sad hearts of earth,
That had lost all hope in the right.

An angel of mercy is Lady Fair,
So willing, so helpful, so strong,
To aid the erring, the sinful, the wayward,
To cling to the right as they journey along.

With her kind voice of sympathy she encouragingly
Tells how a good life will bring
The blessings of Heaven, on all who desire
This choicest of treasures to win.

She will be enshrined in the hearts of her friends,
For goodness and worth never die.
The blessings, the prayers of loved ones
Will rise as incense, to the great Father on high.

He knows the good deeds she hath done,
The great book of life tells the story,
And dear Lady Fair is sure to receive
The crown of immortal glory.

# My Little Hebrew Friend.

[1907.]

I have a little Hebrew friend, a maiden fair to see;
Her soul shines through her beauteous eyes, so sparkling, bright and true.
And yet so soft, they seem to tell
Of a spirit rare within;
So full of hope and trust and love,
My old heart takes her in.
As I gaze on her speaking face serene,
So divinely fair,
I turn in wonder and cry out,
"Madonna! she is there."

# St. Valentine's Day.

[1907.]

St. Valentine called the 13th and said:
"Tomorrow's the day all loving birds wed."
What a billing and cooing there'll be, to be sure,
'Mongst the young songsters from highland and moor,
When robin, and sparrow and pretty canary
Fly to their sweethearts and ask them to marry,
Their bright little eyes so joyous and gleaming
With oceans of love from their bird hearts beaming.
With no thought of sorrow, no trouble they borrow,
Nor once think what to feed each wife on the morrow.
How happy these tawny, bright birds will be,
Singing their love song on bush and on tree.
As they fly to their homes with their brides, young and fair,
What sweet songs will trill on the soft morning air;
Robin and Jennie, Jack and May Sparrow
Expect to be housekeeping, this time tomorrow.
I know they will have their nests neat and airy,
Fit for the home of a gentle queen fairy.
When summer days come, bright smiling June,
With her wealth of sweet flowers her choicest perfume,

You will see in that bird home, amongst the green boughs,
Little birdlings awaiting, with wide-open mouths,
The rich dainty lunch she promised to bring,
As she left them that morning with hurrying wing.
She bade them goodby with a beautiful song,
Saying, "My dear little treasures, be good while I'm gone."
The hungry young robins had not long to wait,
Before each empty craw had all it could take;
Then nestling close to their mother's warm breast,
She sang them to sleep in their soft downy nest.
Robin smilingly said, "Jennie, my dear,
Here's as nice a young nestfull as I'd wish to rear,
It won't be long, love, I fear, before these
Fine youngsters will mate-choosing be."
Here she heaved a deep sigh at the change it would make,
And the pleasures it would from their home life take.
I saw by the rays of the silver moon bright,
Tears dimming the eyes of these birds that night.
"Jennie, dear Jennie, cheer up," Robin said,
"They'll be just as happy as we, when they're wed.
Their smart little wives, I know we shall love,
Will help build their homes in the trees of the grove.
When the wee birds come, they will love them sincerely,

As we do our darlings, that I see quite clearly.
I know they will be just as kind as their father,
Never knowing what 'tis to have trouble or bother."
They their evening songs carolled, then doubts and
fears fled,
Then the birds sank to rest in the boughs overhead.

# First National Bank Mascot.

[June 16, 1908.]

Have you seen this fair goddess
In her niche enshrined?
At the First National Bank
You will her find,
And you're losing a pleasure,
I ween,
In not making this visit
To the bank's mascot queen.
With a face full of sunshine,
With eyes bright and clear,
She attends to her patrons
With a hearty good cheer,
Soon making them feel
She's in support with their aims,
As she hands them their greenbacks,
Cancelling their claims.
As the green treasury notes
Leave her kind hands;
From the depths of their hearts
Comes this moaning refrain,
"Farewell, dearest Mascot,
Shall we e'er meet again?"

So wafting this goddess
All joy and pleasure—
May the bank never lose
Its rich treasure;
Unless a brave man,
A Ulysses, should win
The heart of this goddess,
The bank's mascot queen.

# Life's Lesson.

[Written for my dear friend, Mrs. James E. B—, Jan. 1908.]

The years that have passed, the dark hours gone through,
Have been a sad lesson for me and for you;
Its changes, its sorrrows, its tears of regret,
Its wrongs, its losses, we ne'er can forget.
And we wish, ah, how much, that our frail barque might ride
O'er Life's stormy billows, to the bright other side;
Where joys are supreme, where Death cannot reign,
And our loved and our lost are with us again.

Give us strength loving Savior, with meekness to bear
Life's storms, its shipwrecks, its hours of despair.
Knowing Thou wilt be with us and lovingly guide
Life's weary pilgrims to the bright other side:
In that blessed land, life's journey o'er,
We can rest with our loved ones in joy evermore.

# Birdie Boyd.

[July 10, 1908.]

"There is no flock howe'er so well defended
But has one dead lamb there;
There is no home howe'er so well attended
But has one vacant chair."

The loss of my wee bird comes singing to me
In angelic strains from that heavenly country,
And the bird-like notes of her lullaby song,
Thrill through my soul as I journey along.
Bringing her back once more to my arms,
My birdling, my treasure, with her baby-like charms.
In my loving embrace, I once more try to grasp
This spiritual vision, but to learn and know,
That Earth with its cares no more can bind,
God's children again to the changes of time;
They have triumphed o'er all, they ever are free,
No more to be tossed on life's raging sea.
Yet my birdling, my sunshine, you ever will be,
Thanking God for loan of thy sweet company;
It cannot be long, I feel and know,

BIRDIE BOYD.

Before I am with thee and other dear ones loved so.
When the trials, the grief, the sad things of earth
Will vanish like dark dreams, in this heavenly birth.
When again I shall see my jewels my treasures,
In that fair country of joy without measures;
And 'mongst the sweet strains of that celestial choir,
I can hear thy seraphic voice chanting welcomes to me.

## To Mr. and Mrs. Lacey on their Fiftieth Nuptial Anniversary.

[1848—1898.]

For half a century, two souls as one
Together travel toward the setting sun.
Their hair is silver'd; another heart is gold,
Fidelity and love; Life's story is told.
God made them for each other and God matched
Them; Heaven smiled prosperity and watched
Them, happiness with kind appproval,
Tried in the crucible, by the removal
Of worldly wealth that in the using perish.
As silver's tried; God left them still to cherish
In each other the enduring, mutual love
Which never fails in earth below or heaven above,
O bond of unity! O breath of charity!
In married life so oft a rarity!
Be with this pair to warm them as the sun,
'Till their remaining race on earth is run;
Then in the bliss of God's eternity above,
Their future be a wedded life of love.

ROBERT DOHERTY.

# Contents.


PAGE.

A Wife's Soliloquy ..... 22
Answer to Mrs. C—'s. Invitation ..... 46
Birdie Boyd ..... 68
David Copperfield and His Aunt Betsy Trotwood ..... 25
Frank P—'s. Old Dog Dan ..... 40
Fannie B—'s. Letter ..... 58
First National Bank Mascot ..... 65
Fleaings ..... 8
Forty Years Married ..... 13
Gertrude's Christmas ..... 43
Julia ..... 53
Joe Barker's Mittens ..... 49
Life's Lesson ..... 67
Life's Shipwreck ..... 20
Little Barefoot ..... 38
My Little Hebrew Friend ..... 61
My Engagement Ring ..... 55
Mrs. P—'s. Silver Wedding ..... 45
My Mother's Plate ..... 24
My Western Home ..... 11
Our Queen ..... 56
Sans Souci ..... 6
Safe With The Master ..... 33
Santa Claus ..... 50
St. Valentine's Day ..... 62
The Birth of the Rose ..... 9
The Old and New Year ..... 15
The Mascotte's Shepherd ..... 44
Tasso Caldwell's Letter ..... 36
Trust in God ..... 31

*CONTENTS.*

To My Little Friend, Cora L..... 17
To Flora T..... 19
To President Garfield..... 21
To Mr. and Mrs. Lacey on Their Fiftieth Nuptial Anniversary..... 70
To Lady Fair..... 60
To Mrs. Y..... 35
Twenty-third Anniversary of Louise B—'s. Birth..... 47
Winter..... 5

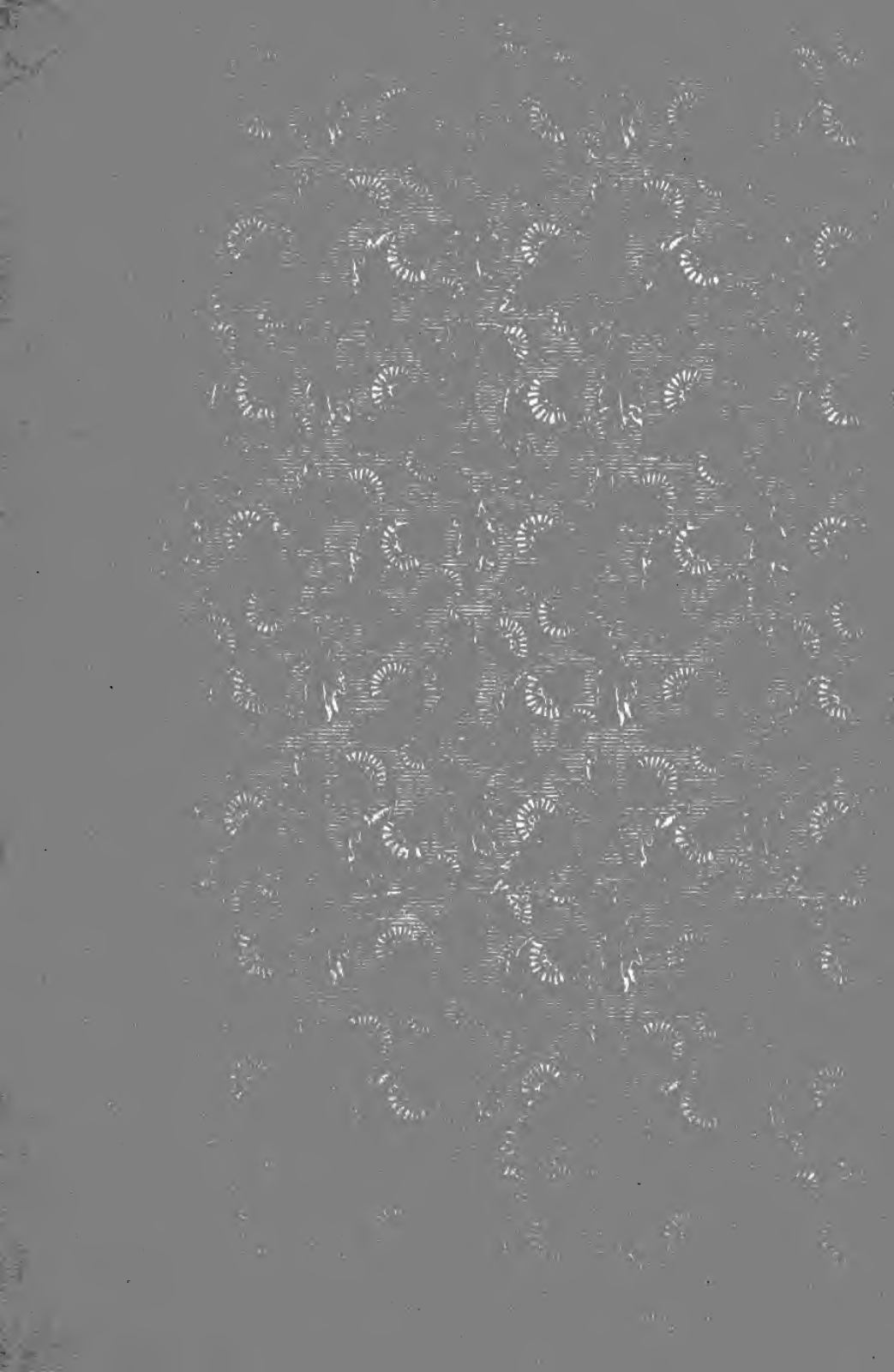
## Illustrations.

FACING PAGE.

Catherine T. Lacey..... .....Title
George Francis Train..... 14
George Francis Train's Letter..... 13
Joe Barker and Gertrude Kountze..... 49
Woodbine Cottage..... 25
Birdie Boyd..... 68

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

**Preservation**Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 117 894 9